

NEWS FROM
GUILD-HALL,
Of the Combate of the Gyants,

SO many Improbable Stories have been writ of *Gyants* in former Ages, that this will seem rather a Romance, than a Combat, let it be never so Real. And though it be Prodigious in it self, yet since there are less Absurdities and fewer Contradictions in it, then in some Dying Speeches, I know not why I should not be beleived as well as any *Farther Confessor of Poland* or *Hungary*, especially having almost half the Eyes and Ears of this Incredulous Town, Witnesses to the *Combat*, to testify the Truth of this Relation.

On the last Day, the Debate was held about the Address for Surrendering the Charter, there was such a Noise in the Hall as has not been heard, since the last Memorable Riot. Alas for the poor Charter says one, alas for our Freedoms and Lives, says another, Liberty and Property, is no more when we cease to be Free-men, we must part, we will not part with our Charter. This Acclamation of the Masters Alarm'd the Master-Prentice who cry'd a Fart for the Charter, let 'em take it, and much good do 'em, shall we Complain for being Free-men. Now we may Drink, Swear and Whore, as well as Sir *Thomas* himself, and Commit Trespass with our Neighbour *Pullen* without the forfeit of our Indentures. A *Butchers Wife* Swore, while she was in the Flesh, she wou'd Trade in the Flesh, and dispose of her own, in Spight of the Charter, to whom a *Fish-Mongers Wife* made Answer, Right Neighbour, Charter or no Charter, I will not bate a Farthing of my old Rate either of Fish or Flesh, to the best Customer in *England*, God Bless his Majesty. Our own is our own still, and we will use them to our best advantage.

In this Fury and Distracted they Ran about the Streets all the Day and Night, till about two a Clock in the Morning, when Expecting all things to be at Rest, but the Watch, and Midnight Goblins; there was such a Noise in *Guild-Hall* as Frighted all the Neighbor-hood, Watch and Constables, for you must Understand, the two Gardian *Giants* (alarm'd at the former Crys, or Inspir'd by the Genius of their different Partys,) were got together by the Ears; at every Stroak that was made the House Shook as with an Earth-quake. All the Glas Windows round about were Shiver'd to Pieces, and several Chimneys were blown down.

This Dreadful Combat of the *Giants* was occasioned on a difference about the Surrender of the Charter, *Roymond*, the Tory *Giant* Asserting and Justifying the Kings Rights, and *Routal*, the Right and Liberty of the People, which with the Dreadful threatening, and Clashing on either side, made such an horrible Din and Clutter, as had not been heard since the last Election of *Whig Shrieves*.

The Counstable and Watch finding their Bills to weak to withstand the *Giants* Clubs, went to the Exchange to Reinforce their party with New *Auxilliares*.

In the mean time, the Battle continued with great Vigour on both sides. *Roymond* stood on his *St. Georges Guard*, being rather willing to Defend himself, then Destroy the other, while *Routal* lay'd about him, as if he had been Mad, throwing in upon him, Point and Edge. At last *Roymond* having Disarm'd the other and got his Sword, generously

generously offered him his Sword, on this Condition, that he would own his Being afterwards to his Clemency, only granting him some other Regalities for the future, in Token of his Victory : When *Routal* more full of Mallice then Submission thus Rply'd.

No Proud *Roymond*, I Scorn to Submit, tho' to my Master, the *Turk* shall Submit to the Emperour, and the Rebellis in *Hungary* to their Native Sovereign, sooner then I will Submit on these Terms. My Life I scorn to owe to him that has taken that from me, which is Dearer then that my Liberty, you offer me my Sword, and tye up my Hands from acting. I'll have all or none.

Ungrateful Wretch said *Roymond*, is thy Sword with thy Life in my Hand, and does thou refuse my Favour, prepare thee then for the last Stroak, Thus thy proud Head shall go to the Ground.

Quarter, Quarter, Noble *Roymond*, said *Routal*, now I find I am really Conquer'd, I must Submit, spare me till I make my Will; a few last words, and that's all. No time for Canting Speeches now, said *Roymond*, thou't lye at the last Minute. But I give thee time to Name thy Trustees.

Routal. *Jenks*, *Jekel* and *Hubland*, I make my Executors, to receive all my Debts to be Distributed for carrying on the Cause, and to revenge my Innocent Blood, and all my Arrears in the Hall to Purchas a New Charter. To *Hinton*, I leave all my Bills and Money at *Cent per Cent*, to break for me, when I am gon, and Compound for 12 Pence in the Pound, to make a Pension for *Perkin*, *Armstrong*, and *Ferguson*, and the Interest to *Hubland* the *Jew* (since Conventicles are going down) to Build a Synagogue for the Saints.

To *Pa--* and *Du--* I leave my Dominion in *Guild-Hall* to stand there in my Place, as the cheif and perpetual Supporters of his Body Uncorporate. To *Sir Thomas P--* I leave all the Reversion of my Stock in the Chamber of *London*, if he has yet any left unspent, to keep up his Reputation amongst the Whores, and Act the *Tory* in his Cups till the Whig comes again into Play. To *Cor--* I'll bequeath my Thrashing Pole with the Ball and Iron Spikes instead of a Protestant Flayl, and to *Sir Ro. C--* my Punniard to carry in his Pocket instead of the Protestant Dagger that Peeps out and betrays him. To *Beth--* being as Signal for Hospitality as Loyalty, I leave a bended Nine-Pence to entertain the Corporations, and Free-Men on the next Election of Whig Sheriffs. To *Car* I leave Five Groats to write my Elegie, and as many more to *Curtis* for Printing it, to be paid out of the Pensions for carrying on the Cause, if their be any Remaining and to Doctor *B--* Four Score Guennies of the same to Write my Speech, which will Serve as well after as before my Execution.

What do you Bequeath to me, said *Roymond*, my Sword, replied *Routal*, to cut off my Head, or if you will spare my Life, to give me the Honour to Wear it in your Service, with this Generous Submission, said *Roymond*, thou hast Conquered the Conqueror, take thy Life, but the Sword I will keep in my own Hands, to Dispose of as I think Fit, and as I shall find thee Deserving for the Future.

